Essay on the Powers of

SENSIBILITY;

—K

A

POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1773.

——————— As thy Joys excel,
So are thy Woes tranſcendent: The groſs World
Knows not the Bliſs, or Miſery of either.

THOMSON's Edward and Eleanora.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Sensibility is set forth in the relations, in which it is most prevalent, in Love, Marriage & the Parental State: Happiness & Misery, the good or bitter portion of feeling minds, are represented in those instances: & ~~other are occasionally introduced. The happy effects of sensibility, in the intellectual & moral world, are last considered, exemplified in the character of a female friend~~

effects of Sensibility
Others are occasionally introduced; ~~of the effects of sensibility are shown~~ in the Love of country, the Fidelity of service, & in Friendship. ~~Exposition of the~~ General Moral ~~which concludes the theme of the~~ The happier part of the Poem ~~Happy effects of sensibility~~ exemplified in the character of a female friend.

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ARGUMENT.

SENSIBILITY, or that frame of Mind, by which we have a quick and intimate feeling of every Object, the perception or contemplation of which is productive either of Pleaſure or of Pain, is ſet forth in the relations, in which it is moſt prevalent, in Love, Marriage, and the Parental State: Happineſs and Miſery, the good, or bitter portion of Minds ſo conſtituted, are repreſented in thoſe inſtances; and others are occaſionally introduced: The happy effects of this Quality, in the intellectual and moral World, are laſt conſidered, and exemplified in the Character of a female Friend.

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Maria, to whom nature at thy birth
The feelings gave ~~& that~~ her

Of calm delight, & laughter-loving joy
Sole parent thou — Of thee, of thee the Muse
Singing shall dare adventurous flight, through skies
Ver'd by the red wrath of afflicting heaven,
Singing of thee shall sport on lighter wing,
Borne through the yielding purity of air,
If thou wilt deign not unimplor'd to bless
The ~~verses~~ numbers, & inform with life ~~& inform~~ the song.
Whence is the tide of Love! From thy deep fount &c.

And

SENSIBILITY.

O THOU, to whom kind Nature at thy birth
Thoſe feelings gave, which bid prompt Sorrows riſe,
And winged Pleaſure know a higher Heaven,
Cheriſh the boon; nor fail, when Morning ſhines,
And when ſtill Evening ſpreads her duſky veil,
To breathe the pure thankſgiving, and adore
The God, who bleſs'd thee with that choiceſt gift.

FROM Senſibility, myſterious Power,
That lives and trembles, through the conſcious frame,
Each Charity, and Care, each Paſſion ſprings,
That ſooths, that ſaddens, that diſtracts the Soul:

WHENCE is thy tide O Love? From *her* deep fount,
It flows; whether to glide a gentle ſtream
By flowery banks, where perfum'd Zephyrs play,
~~And every~~ Songſters of the chearful Spring
Makes ſweeteſt melody; or lingering, ſlow
It wind its ſilent melancholy wave,
Mid the deep ſhade of Cypreſs Grove forlorn,
Where heart-conſuming Sighs and Sorrow dwell;
Or ſwollen by tempeſt, mid the thunder's rage,

And the clear

+ or through the depth
Obscure of cypress grove it slowly wind,
Where heart-consuming sighs &c.

It roll a torrent through a ſavage land;
Where oft Deſpair (while ſhaking Horror chill
Stands on the brink to ſtay the Wretch's fate)
Defies the roaring cataract, and meets
The Death, that wooed him in the diſmal flood.

But come not, Love, with wrathful Terrors arm'd;
Such as around Thee wait, when worldly Pride,
Diſdain, or Years unmatch'd, or alter'd Faith,
Diſturb thy ſtate, and ſpoil thy promis'd joy.
To Her, the friendly Muſe, who Thee invites,
Appear in ſmiles with roſe and myrtle crown'd
Pluck'd in the bud of Spring; ſuch as thou ſeem'ſt,
When firſt the Virgin in her artleſs breaſt
Receives thy hallow'd touch, and wondering feels
The kindling Paſſion thrill in every vein;
What time her abſent thought, th' unbidden ſigh,
And paler cheek diſcloſe the ſecret Care.
Now ſteals on Him, who gave the tender wound,
The glance of Love: Now, at his mention'd name,
Spreads the deep bluſh; and o'er the trembling form,
At his approach, diſorder'd Graces ſpring.
Bleſt hour! When She, whom formal cold delay
By Prudence taught hath bid a while with-hold
The aſked Conſent, from tyrant cuſtom free
Returns with heart-felt truth the plighted faith:

When

4 Where oft despair, on ~~shuddering~~ frozen horror's light,
Defies &c.

o ~~For Her, the Muse, who thee invites, array~~
~~Thy youth in smiles, &c.~~

o ~~Come; at the Muse's call~~ It is the Muse, who calls thee:
Dress thy youth
In smiles; come, crown'd with myrtle & with rose
Pluck'd in the bud of spring.

~~Impalpitation strange of new delight;~~

~~Or, perhaps, with a slight alteration of the 6th~~
~~line, the passage may stand as originally written;~~

Nor, in that soft confusion, quite definds
The unsunn'd graces of her snowy neck,
That ~~frequent~~ heave with Tender palpitations strange,
~~While passion &c~~
And show the melting tumult of the soul;
While passion, &c^a 3 MR 62

When Modeſty, the veil of coy Reſerve
Raiſing by ſweet degrees with bluſhing grace,
Meets the warm glance with half-averted eye;
With mild reluctance yields the amorous kiſs,
Nor quite defends from ſenſe-entrancing touch
The unſunn'd graces of her ſnowy neck,
That frequent heave with palpitations ſtrange;
While Paſſion, by the ſweet, the ſacred awe
Of Beauty, Innocence and Love controll'd,
Scarce holds his torrent rage, and inly burns.
Now to the lonely walk, or chamber ſtill
The Maid retreats, to read the glowing vow
With raptures ever new, to paint in thought
The Lover's charms, with recollection dear
To trace his every act, his lighteſt word,
And raiſe the paſſed hour again to life:
Or form the wiſh of future joys, and call
Fancy to tell the bliſs, that Marriage brings.

O Wedlock, firſt of human ties divine,
Who, yet a ſtranger to thy honor'd ſtate,
While ſtealing age creeps on, and ſpirits droop,
May dare to ſing the pleaſures of thy reign?
Speak ye, who beſt can tell, ye who have long
The golden bondage known, and ſeen the Sun
Riſe on your bliſs, through many a circling year;

Ye, who have felt the tender, glowing Care
Wake in the willing heart, and drunk of Love
At Pleaſure's pureſt ſpring; ſpeak, if ye can,
The holy raptures, that poſſeſs the Soul,
When Bliſs meets Bliſs in league of wedded faith,
And unreproved Joy, ſole Monarch, reigns.
Who know but ye, the pleaſures of the World?
The ſocial pleaſures, that with eaſy wing,
Waft the light hours, over this vale of life,
That elſe with dark and flagging pinions ſail,
While the depreſſed, lonely ſpirit pines,
And chides their tardy flight. Who know but ye,
Fair Friendſhip, and the virtuous train, which decks
His ſtate; Advice ſincere, depoſed Truſt,
Affiance ſweet, joint Wiſh, concurring Aim,
Divided Sorrows, and redoubled Joy?
—Yet more to ſweeten wedded life, behold
The fount freſh-flowing of Parental bliſs.

See that fond Mother preſſing to her breaſt
The new-born Babe: With what a deep delight,
And weeping tranſport, ſhe ſurveys her Child,
And counts his nameleſs graces; while the Boy
Looks up, and pays her fondneſs with a ſmile.
Sickneſs and labour-pangs forgotten all,
She lives alone to tenderneſs and love.

O Sickneſs & pain forgotten, o'er her bliſs
She hangs in melting luxury of love.

o The Skin, which first of saffron-tinctur'd hue
Shew'd as a veil translucent, stronger grown
Verges to white, &c.ª

2 o The breathing mass
Borrows a grace of form, &c.ª

† Entering, in playful ~~guise~~ mood prepares the throne

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THE Infant grows; and every paſſing day
Bids a new beauty riſe, with wily ſiege
To aſſault the tender, yielding Mother's heart.
The ſkin, which firſt, ~~with~~ thin tranſlucent web
Veil'd his ſcarce ~~veil~~'d ~~his~~ body, and appear'd in hue
A reddiſh brown, (tinged in the purple flood,
That play'd through all his form) now ſtronger grown
Verges to white, ſave where the branching veins
Their tender colours ſpread, or circling blood
Roſes the parts extreme. The little maſs
Helpleſs, at firſt, and weak, a ſhapeleſs lump,
Borrows a grace of Form, as ſtrength his limbs
Knits, and adapts to uſe, bidding him try
The imperfect walk under the guiding care
Of patient Nurſe, or Mother, who with ſmiles
Looks on ~~Oft eyes~~ the vain attempt: Now too the tongue
Eſſays the mimic ſounds, and labouring ſtrives,
At Reaſon's birth, to expreſs the half-form'd thought:
But ſoon the little limbs their office know;
Soon the young mind the quick perception feels;
And ſoon the ready tongue diſtinct and clear
Echoes the riſing thought, proclaiming loud
The time at hand, when Knowledge, as in ſport
Enters, and playful firſt prepares the throne,
Where Wiſdom by ſeverer ſtudy nurs'd,

May after reign magnificent, and ſhower
Her orient virtues on a wondering World;
From ſchool of Art, from Senate, or the Field,
The ſprings of Poeſy, or Sage's bower.

Mean while, through all this little ſtate of Man,
Improvement grows; ~~and Beauty in her Spring~~
~~Wakes to new Life~~: The fair complexion takes
A purer tint: In livelier dimples dwell
Love, and the winning Smiles: O'er the warm cheek,
Freſh roſes bloom; while the delighted eye
A brighter luſtre ſheds, and marks the ſport
Of ſprightly thoughts, that in the fancy play.
She, fairy Goddeſs, now, with quaint device,
Gambols at will, and takes a thouſand ſhapes
To wake amuſement in the vacant mind,
To rouſe at Pleaſure's call the healthful toil
Of exerciſe, and ſpeed the paſſing hour.

Now vain Caprice (like the ſmall chirping bird,
That from the chimney's top, or moſs-grown roof
Of thatched barn, or hedge that blooms in May,
Wheels on weak wing its ſhort-excurſive flights)
Quits what of late it ſought, nor, changeful, knows
Its own deſire. Now riſing Paſſion blows
A ſtronger guſt: The gathering tempeſt lowers,

And

† For there light fancy now with quaint device

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Behold! already to bright Fancy's eye
Piercing the dawn of opening time, where springs,
Beyond th' Atlantic Vast, through clouds the day,
Sweeps o'er the field a Youth in glory's pride,
The child of Virtue, & his country's love.

And fretful ſtorms diſturb the heaving breaſt.
But ſoon the tumult ends; wh.. the big Shower
Deſcends in lucid drops, and filial Love
Clear-breaking through the cloud that Anger rais'd,
Shines on the calmed Mind, and warms the vow
Of pure Repentance, and Submiſſion meek.

THE tender years, that, as they gliding paſs'd,
Dropp'd comfort on the Mother's heart, are fled;
Who now with well-concealed Sorrow gives
The parting kiſs, and to a little World
Commits her growing Joy, ſo beſt to fit
His ſtate of Manhood for the greater School,
Where each muſt run his courſe. She fervent heaves
The ſilent prayer for bleſſings on his life.
—Be heard her prayer in Heav'n! That the Youth,
Soon as the quick flight of revolving Years,
His prime ſhall ripen, may bring forth the fruits
Of Knowledge and of Virtue; in the days
Of Peace, beſt ornaments of human Life,
The ſtrength, the glories of the World, in War.
—Behold! Already to bright Fancy's Eye,
(Where dawns a new light ſhining in the Weſt)
Ruſhes to life a Youth in glory's pride
The Child of Virtue, and his Country's Love.

—WHY

—WHY ſmiles yon aged Sire? Why in his Eyes
Grown weak and dim with years ſits ſwelling Joy?
Why nods his hoary head? And while one ſpeaks,
Why ſtretcheth he his wither'd arms to Heaven?
And grows to rapture, as he hears the tale?
— The Son returning from the field of War,
Proclaims the Foe, that long with cruel ſiege
Begirt the city, vanquiſh'd, routed, fled;
And bids his Sire, curſing no more his age,
His nerveleſs age, which fix'd him to his ſeat,
While the proud Foe inſulted at the gates,
Reſume his wonted calm: Then cheerly ſpeaks
Of Peace reſtor'd, God's temple ſav'd from ſpoil,
And Liberty preſerv'd: Now bluſhing tells
(In ſuch extreme of wo, may England boaſt
A Son like Him, may ſuch a Father live
To hear his acts!) how, at his Country's call,
He led the patriot Bands, (While each bold breaſt
Inſpir'd by Him the glowing ardor caught)
Where moſt the battle rag'd, till the tir'd Foe
Oppreſs'd, o'erpower'd in the fierce ſhock of arms,
Fell back; and plumed Victory, that long
On even wing ſuſpended, quivering hung
'Twixt either Army, with exulting flight
Perch'd on the Hero's helm, and clos'd the day.

THE

C — Why smiles yon aged sire? Why in his eyes
Grown dim with years sits swelling joy? Why nods
His hoary head? And while a voice is heard
Why stretcheth he his withered hands to heaven,
As if transported at some wond'rous tale?
It is Ernestus valiant chief, who long
Sustain'd a Soldier's honourable State
Through years of havoc in Germanic war
And Belgic, while Europa's balance hung
In Britain's right hand, trembling; then he pass'd
To a new world, in hope life's failing years
To wear in peace, master of rich domains,
By Delawar's happy stream — His hope ~~was~~ is vain.
Eugenius hast'ning
~~Eugene~~, ~~returning~~ from the field of war,
Proclaims the host, who long with cruel siege &c.

A — how at their country's call
He led the bands, where most the battle rag'd;
Till the tir'd foe reluctant from the shock
Of arms fell back; & victory, who long
On even wing suspended, quivering hung
'Twixt either army, &c.

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O ~Why smiles yon aged sire? ~Why in his eyes
Grown dim with years sits swelling joy? ~Why nods
His hoary head? and, while a voice is heard,
~Why stretcheth he &c.

† Proclaims the host, ~~that~~ who long with cruel siege &c.

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4 how at their country's call
He led the bands, where most the battle rag'd;
Till the tir'd foe reluctant from the shock
Of arms fell back; & Victory, who long
~~On crimson pennons, vast eagle, tower'd,~~
On even
~~Ex, outstretched~~ wing suspended, quivering hung
Swipt either army, &c.

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O'd in their train
Follow, whom greener years, or sister sex,
Or feeble age ~~had kept at peaceful home~~ for taste to join the war.
They kneel before their great deliverer,
And pay the heart-felt debt of gratitude
For life, for law, for liberty restor'd.

and, as a flower
Oppress'd with dew, that hangs the head at eve,
He gently bow'd; & drooping died in bliss.

~~Part 2d~~

~~And the bright flower, drooping & died in bliss.~~

Part 2d

8 forms of fraternal honesty, & of love.
The ~~fair ideal train of love & joy~~
Vanish in air; & the blithe spirit, who late
Sporting with pleasure in the myrtle vale
Touch'd with delighted hand the willing lyre,
Must ~~now~~ ~~compose~~ with ~~strains~~ to sorrow; while despair
call forth strains of

See there the Wretch, who leans upon his sword
Fresh from the wound; ~~& now~~ that sword his only stay,
Warm with the blood of issuing life: &c.

4 See there the Wretch, who leans upon his ~~naked~~ sword
Warm ~~Fresh~~ from the wound, that lets out life: Ah! See

THE ſwarming City throngs: In ~~grave array~~ ſolemn ſtate
March forth her ancient Chiefs, and at their heels
Troop thoſe, whom greener years, or ſofter Sex,
Or feeble Age had kept at idle home.
To kneel before their great Deliverer,
And pay the heart-felt debt of gratitude
For Life, for Law, for Liberty, they come.

Is there a Man, who ſight like this can ſee
With lifeleſs cold regard, nor feel within
The generous tumults of the throbbing heart?
The Father could not: But with aching joy
He heard the tale, he ſaw his Son; in tears
He heard; he ſaw in tears; and died in bliſs.

THE fair Ideas fly; and ſhe who late
Sporting with Pleaſure in the myrtle vale,
To ſounds of pure delight tun'd the ſoft lay,
Muſt change thoſe ſtrains to ſadneſs; while Deſpair
Dwells on the chords, and Horrors ſhade the ſong—
Infernal Viſions! Whither do ye waft
The trembling Muſe, mid groans that rend the heart,
Groans of neglected Love, and Fury's chains,
And Grief, that lingering dies, and maddening Wo?

SEE there the Wretch, who leans upon his ſword
Life iſſuing from the welling wound: Ah! See

His ghaſtly viſage, thoſe up-reared locks,
And dark deſpair wild-ſtaring from his eyes:
He droops; he faints; and ſcarce hath ſtrength to tell,
That ſhe, to whom that bleeding heart was given,
Broke her deep-plighted troth. + He falls, and dies.

+ He faints: he dies.

Peace to thy Soul! Edward, that Peace in Heaven,
Which Earth denied thee! Or if aught of pain
Muſt touch his purer eſſence, who deſtroy'd
The life Thou gaveſt, and let his ſpirit forth
Unbidden to thy face, O God, be mild
His puniſhment. Oh! In thy mercy think,
On what he ſuffer'd, ere he dar'd to ſin:
And if thy Juſtice bid the Sinner view,
On the great theatre of mortal wo,
Thoſe torments here on earth, which caus'd his crime,
Pour thine own balm of pity on his ſoul
To ſooth its pangs; nor quite deſtroy his bliſs.

But O to Thee, thee, cruel, hapleſs Fair,
Who bear'ſt a mind ~~ſtain'd with~~ a Lover's blood,
Who ſhall ſpeak comfort? Whither wilt thou fly
To ſcape the gnawings of that deathleſs Worm,
Which kills thy boſom's peace? Wilt thou exalt
Thy voice in prayer, and aſk the God of grace
To give a reſpite to thy wo?—He view'd

From

g That ~~horror~~ shaking form, his ghastly mien,
~~His ghastly visage~~, ~~horror blasted looks~~,
And dark despair, that maddens in his eyes.
He droops: he falls: he scarce hath power to tell,

o And, if thy justice, mighty Lord, ordain
The sinner, yet unpurified, to view,
From the clear regions of departed spirits,
The mortal miseries of love on earth,
(Sad penance on his earthly crime impos'd.)
Pour thy own balm &c^

~~+ Who art defiled with a lover's blood~~, ~~o dole~~
——————— + th' unsleeping
~~the deathless~~ worm,
+ The
~~Which~~ spoiler of thy peace? Will thou exalt
Thy voice in supplication, & implore
Of God a respite to thy woe? —

falters
Thy trembling spirit ~~fails that~~; & before
The
That prayer hath breath, &c.

O Shall she recline on him, who wrought her wo, &c.

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From higheſt Heaven, the baſe, delicious arts
Which ſnar'd th' inchanted Mind, and mark'd the vows
Thy heart diſclaimed, as they paſs'd thy Lips.
Wilt Thou ſolicit *Him?* *He* alſo ſaw
The cruel change; thy looks of cold neglect,
And mockery of the wounds, thyſelf had given;
Heard too the venal faith by Thee abjur'd
Paſs to another ear. *Him* wilt thou aſk
To give remiſſion of Deſpair to One,
Who deaf to Nature's voice, and falſe to Love,
Poiſon'd the cup of joy herſelf prepar'd,
And ſmiling ſtabbed the heart, ſhe ſwore to bleſs.
— Yet try the power of prayer; and bending low,
Repentant at the Throne of Grace, implore
The God, who hears the contrite Sinner's voice.
—The trembling heart within thee ſinks, and ere
That prayer hath breath, thy hope of comfort dies.

Who then ſhall ſooth the horrors of her ſoul?
Shall ſhe recur to him, for whom ſhe fail'd,
And ſeek for ſolace in a Huſband's love?
He, whom the wiles of outward grace inclos'd
In Beauty's net, of love and marriage-ſports
Satiate, hath learn'd to ſcorn the barter'd mind,
And ſickens at the charms he bought for gold.

HASTE then to Pleaſure's haunts. The glittering Court,
The mimic Stage, Feaſts, and the wanton Dance
Invite thee: There at leaſt thou ſhalt find reſt,
And peace to troubled thought—Nor Court, nor Stage,
Feaſts, nor the wanton Dance to her can bring
Contentment's calm, nor for a moment lull
The aching Grief. E'en in the midſt of joy,
The blaze of riches, and the pride of pomp,
Care riſes to the view, a Spectre foul,
And ſmiles in ſcorn upon her: Nor, when Night
Bids the ſoft ſleep fall on the wearied ~~ſenſe~~ mind,
Is abſent: Then by goading Furies urg'd
A thouſand ſhapes ariſe to vex her dreams,
And chaſe the God, who fain with opiate charm
Would quell her terrors. At this hour ſhe ſees
The Shade of him who died (at this dark hour,
When Night and Sleep to Miſery bring not reſt)
Glide through the ſilent gloom. It caſts a look
Of grief and tenderneſs, on her he lov'd,
And ſhews the guſhing wound, that clos'd his pain.
—It paſſeth by, and beckoning ſmiles on her,
As if it would, that ſhe ſhould follow it—
Woman, ariſe: Thy ſleep is worſe than death:
Awake; and caſt this horror from thy ſoul.
—'Tis gone. Herſelf too ſinks from ſight; and all
The fancied ſcene is melted into air.

BUT

~~glittering~~
~~The gilded comet,~~

~~The~~
~~And mimic stage,~~
Invite thee: there thy bosom ~~shall~~ may find peace,
~~Find~~
And rest, from troubled thought—

+ Smiles, as in scorn, & ~~whispers to the heart;~~ ~~in dread whisper speaks;~~ whispers to the heart,
"Even now behold me with thee!" — nor, when night
Bids the soft sleep fall on the wearied mind,
Is absent: then a thousand shapes of fear
People her dreams, & leagued with furies rise
To chase the god &c^
At this hour she sees,
(When night & sleep to Misery bring not rest)
At this dark hour, the shade of him, who died,
Rise in the silent gloom.

^ beckoning seems to smile,

^ Raimond. I know thee now.
Alas! how chang'd from him, on whom the world,
And heaven were wont to smile! — I pray thee, peace!
Those notes, design'd for joy, are very harsh,
And mar the song, that once with measur'd skill
Thy clear pipe chanted well — Why bursts that rage?
Why swells that dreadful agony of grief?
O man of brain-vex'd misery, be still!
The children of thy bosom, whom thou think'st,
For thy misdeeds, plung'd in a lake of fire,
Astonish'd stand around thee; & thy wife,

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° O who can speak

But what art Thou, who on the bare floor chain'd
Stretcheſt thy ſullen length, now fix'd in thought,
And ſilent as the grave; now laughing wild
In idiot mirth?—The notes thou ſingeſt are harſh,
And mar the ſong, that once with meaſur'd art
Thy clear pipe chaunted well. Why burſts that rage?
Why ſwells that dreadful agony of grief?
The tender pledges of thy early love,
Whom thou thinkeſt floating in a lake of fire,
Stand now before thee: And thy loved Wife,
The ſad Companion of thy hopeleſs woes,
'Gainſt whom thou ſee'ſt the Murderer lift his knife,
Sits weeping at thy ſide, and ſtrives to chaſe
The frantic dream. She calls thee by thy name:
But ah! That voice ſo known of late, is now
A ſtranger to thine ear. She calls in vain.

But who can ſpeak the anguiſh of her ſoul,
While thoſe fierce paſſions rage, when ſhe beholds
The tender brood, whom at her breaſt ſhe rear'd,
And rearing guarded with a Mother's care,
(Her ſweeteſt bleſſing, faireſt hope of Joy)
Stet— ~~The tender brood, who roſe from Him to life,~~
And thinks on that wild curſe, which even now
Sleeps in their blood; which, ſoon as age mature
Fair reaſon ſhall have brought to perfect ſtrength,

And
as time shall ~~all~~ bring
Their reason's yet a child, to ~~rabber~~ state
childhood maturer strength

place

And plac'd her on ~~her~~ throne, to rule at large
The ſubject faculties, ſhall riſe, and ſhake
To its deep baſe th' ideal State, and ſpread
Grief, Rage, and Ruin, o'er the tortur'd Mind.
Hence, horrid Viſion! mournful Terror, hence!

And yet another riſing, as a Cloud
Autumnal dark'ning, ere it drown, the Plain,
In ſhadowy horror ſpreads a deeper gloom;
Where on a rock, that over-hangs a flood,
Stands a lone tower: the hoarſe waves roar beneath;
About is blaſted heath; whoſe boſom bears
The wither'd trunks of tempeſt-riven trees;
~~But~~ ſight of thing that breathes, ~~through all the ſcene,~~
None is. + Closed in cell of that ſad tower
Arminia caſt from pomp of regal ſtate
Laments her Huſband loſt, and wears in grief
(One only ſolace left) the Uſurper's chain:
Her infant Son, laſt of a line of kings,
Survives, and ſhares her fate: In Him ſhe ſtill
Has comfort, ſtill has hope, (ſweet balm of Wo)
That Time and publick Faith, and Fortune's change
May bring return of Royalty; and ſhower
The Father's glories on the captive Son.
—Baniſh the thought. Barred is the Priſon-gate,
That ne'er again ſhall on it's hinges turn,

o'er the wide proſpect

+ Priſon'd

Volusa

While

The Usurper's chain, one only solace left.

o

And yet another, as a cloud o'ercharg'd
With tempest, dark'ning, ere it drown the plain,
In shadowy horrour spreads a deeper gloom,
Incumbent o'er the trembling mind — come, all
Who have a tear for misery, & hearts
At deeds of guilt that shudder; come, & hear
y Words of an iron pen, words of wild woe
~~A tale, in mystic characters of woe~~
Grav'd on the Runic Rock, which the rough storms
Of thrice five hundred winters have not ras'd;
A tale of sorrow told of other days;
While yet the world was dark, & manners wild,
Ere heavenly truth in clearer light had shone,
And civil ~~Rule had took~~ wisdom cam'd the general weal;
When reign'd Erapthon with usurping sway
In northern Sora†: Theme, sad theme, where fierce
Ambition fills the measure of the song,
Whose strains, through changes rude, must yet record
~~That still, through changes rude of fate, must sing~~
Maternal anguish, & a father's woe.

See; on that rock, which overhangs the flood
Stands a lone tower: &c

y

O that my words were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! Job Ch 19. 24.

†a country in ancient Scandinavia. In the isle of Zealand there is still a city of that name, which is probably of remote antiquity.

3 MR 62

And yet another, as a cloud o'ercharg'd
With tempest, dark'ning, ere it drown, the plain,
In shadowy horrour spreads a deeper gloom,
Incumbent o'er the trembling mind — come, all
Who have a tear for misery, & hearts
At deeds of guilt that shudder; come, & hear
A And hear the ~~things~~ ~~I speak~~ ~~of other days~~;
While yet the world was dark, & manners wild,
Ere heavenly truth on clearer light had shone,
And civil Rule had tam'd the general weal;
~~The usurper's chain~~, ~~or only chains~~ ~~left~~:
When reign'd Eraphon with usurping sway
In northern Jora†: Theme, sad theme, where fierce
Ambition fills the measure of the song,
That still, through changes rude of fate, must sing
Maternal anguish, & a Father's woe.
See; on a rock, that overhangs the flood,
Stands a lone tower: &c.ª

A a tale in mystic characters of woe
Grav'd on the Runic Rock, which the rough storms
Of thrice five hundred winters have not ras'd;
A tale of sorrow told of other days; &c.ª

† A country in ancient Scandenavia. In the isle of Zealand there is still a City of that name, which is probably of remote antiquity.

O Leave you with pity lingering famine's prey.

3 MR 62

While yet ye live; nor ever ſhall ye ſee
The human form, or hear the voice of Man.
The gloomy Keepers, who with ſullen care
Guarded your ſecret cell, and brought you food,
Are all withdrawn; and (Thus the tyrant ſeeks
To allay the jealous fears which vex his ſtate)
Leave you with pity, which will ſometimes touch
The ſavage breaſt, long-lingering Famine's prey.

O Thou, whom Fancy viſits, Thou, whoſe Mind
Reflects her perfect forms, and gives them life,
How will thy tender nature bear the ſight
Of that fond Mother, and her lowly Babe,
While gaping Hunger gnaws, while wild Affright
Chills her life's blood, and Horror tears her ſoul?
—Thrice had the Sun renew'd the chearful day,
And ſhone forth on the pleaſures of the World;
Since water from the well aſſuaged her thirſt,
And bread, frail ſtaff of life, in ſorrow broken
Yielded faint ſuſtenance. Through all her ſtate
Now Nature languiſheth: Her ſpirits ſink,
And mute Deſpair devours her inmoſt Soul.
~~Her ſtrength is gone~~: ~~Her breaſt ſcarce heaves a ſigh,~~
~~And livid paleneſs veſts her waſted limbs~~:
Her ſtony, fixed Eyes in ſockets ſink: Stare
Within her cheeks ſits Horror: Her furr'd tongue

Is

Her eager eyes are fix'd: within her cheeks
In pallid state ſits horrour: &c.

Is parch'd and cold: And Oh! the balmy ſprings,
That from their milky ſtore gave life to flow
In crimſon current through an Infant's veins,
Are all dried up. See there the famiſh'd child
Hang at the drained breaſt, and faintly ſtrive
With feeble gums, to preſs another drop
From that exhauſted fount. Ah! See him fall,
(Like ſome fair flower nipped by th' inclement blaſt)
And wither, on the ſtem, that gave him life.
—Again the Mother heaves a deadly ſigh.
'Tis her laſt pang—That groan hath burſt her Heart.'
And Her, whom Famine could not yet ſubdue,
Deep Grief, and fell Deſpair have caus'd to die.

ANDRASTUS now, from fear of rival Arms
Freed by his Crimes, poſſeſs'd the crown in peace:
And, ſo to turn a People's buſy thoughts
From what he was, and thoſe degrees, by which
He climbed to the throne, bent all his care
To win that ductile toy, his Subjects love:
And equal Laws, and Juſtice well diſpens'd,
Freedom, fair Peace, and Property ſecure
Wrought on them ſo, that ſoon his former guilt
Died in the memory of the common Heart,
Which meanly was awake alone to joy
And praiſe, for bleſſings on itſelf beſtowed.

ONE

Imagine now, ~~the time~~ that, in the flight of time,
~~when free from fear~~
The season was arriv'd, when free from fear
Of rival arms Craphon reign'd in peace;
And in his bosom with a father's love
Cherish'd a ~~tender~~ child of rosy hope;
Brief hope! that cankerd
~~That bore a canker~~ in the bud. His name
Was Ilacon: in his secret breast of youth
Bold, bad, ambitious: well with cunning fraught;
And of fair semblance in the common eye,
To which with fraudful smiles he oft would stoop
In show of kindness & humility:
So to conceal, till thought were ripe for act,
The darker purpose of his sullen soul.

Conceive, that now, when first the tender down
Apparent ~~shades~~ his cheek, you see him cast
~~Lowers his cheek, you see him eye askance~~
A look disloyal on this father's state,
~~The crown, that glitters on his father's brow,~~
Intent to strip him of the royal robe,
Ere the pale shroud, & death's approaching rest
Wrap his world-weary corse. Now blown abroad
Faction's tongues on the four winds of heaven
~~With fell contagion into every ear~~
The guilty of the ~~king, his guilt,~~ inhuman king
~~His hellow~~ title, & ~~his damned guilt~~
(Forgotten long beneath the veil of time)
Fills every mouth with curses, and again
~~Again the common execration, runs~~
Kindles all hearts;
Fiering each heart. Now swells ambition's crest:
Now civil fury blows her horn of war;
And vengeance wikens on ~~his~~ iron bed.

Of rival arms, and studious to deserve
A people's faith, Craphon reign'd with just
And equal law the monarch of their hearts:
And in his bosom Ilacon

3 MR 62

Imagine now the time, when free from fear
Of rival arms Eraphon reign'd in peace;
And in his bosom with a father's love,
Cherish'd a son; ~~O word profan'd.~~ a child ~~untold~~ of rosy hope, | ~~that bore~~ He, in his bosom &c
~~That bore a~~ a killing ~~That bore~~ canker in it's bud. His ~~aigne~~
~~That grew for his destruction.~~ ~~He was~~ ~~rull'd~~
Was Hacon: ~~his childhood fierce~~: ~~in early~~ youth
~~Of passions, in the secret breast that lurk'd,~~
Bad, bold, ambitious: not devoid of art;
And fair his semblance in the common eye;
To which with fraudful smiles he oft would stoop
In shew of kindness & humility.
So to conceal, till thought were ripe for act,
The ~~darker~~ gloomy purpose of the sullen soul.
~~Lo!~~ ~~how~~, ~~are~~ while yet the tender down ~~appears~~ investo
~~A shade his chin~~, ~~he eyes~~ his cheek of youth, eying with look oblique ~~askance~~
The crown that glitters on his father's brow;
Intent to strip him of the royal robe,
Ere the pale shroud, & death's approaching rest
Wrap his world-weary corse. Now blown abroad
With fell contagion into every ear
His hollow title, & his damned guilt,
(~~Forgotten long~~) ~~outcome the general voice~~; Beneath the veil of slow-forgiving time
Shrouded, again are bur'd to common view;
Till that resentment, which in honour's breast
Should ne'er have slept, awakes at faction's call,
And raves for vengeance on the rebel king.
(Few years o'erpass'd) conceive, that now you see
Hacon
The son, while yet he

2

Ere childhood past,
Tour from the tree of life were harshly pluck'd.

Who now beholds. Who ~~hears the gathered people~~ o'er the lands
~~now beholds the thronging crowd in arms~~
Cursing their ~~Lord~~ the monarch, whom of late they lov'd;
And straining their hoarse throats in feverish praise
Of Him, the youth they know not, sees display'd
A faithful pattern of the vulgar mind.
In ~~sudden~~ midnight insurrection ~~to~~ see'd they rise:
Wak ~~Een~~ at the castle-gates their clamors hear,
Wak'd at the dreadful sound, ~~Erapton starts from sleep~~
~~up from the drowsy bed~~
~~Erapton~~ In wonder lost
~~the monarch starts~~; & from the window's light
(His gray hair waving in the stormy wind)
Attempts with smooth words to appease the rage
Of the rea'd multitude: ~~calls them his sons~~:
bids them declare
~~Bids them declare their griefs~~ the wrongs that form their wrath; freely
& trust ~~Swore~~
On a king's faith — "Your monarch shall redress —
Yes; by his crown he swears" — while yet he spake,
He saw his son &c. P 75. 495

3 MR 62

One only Son, of five who call'd him Sire,
Saw fifteen ſummers ſhine: Four, One by One,
Were laid, ere Childhood paſt, in the cold grave.
In that ſurviving Youth, (full well he ſeem'd
Worthy a father's love) he plac'd his joy.
With Him retiring from the cares of ſtate,
He oft would ſmooth the wrinkled brow, and give
(After the day of toil and anxious thought)
His evening leiſure to domeſtic eaſe.
Then would he lead him through the tangled maze,
E'en to the ſecret ſprings, of kingly rule;
Would ſhew the honeſt Foe, who bold in wrath
With proud front bids beware, and him more fear'd,
Who lurks, a ſnake beneath the laughing flower.
And ever as he taught, he bade him ſhun
Diſhonor's thorny path, and keep the law
Of Juſt and Right. Himſelf in ſecret heart
What was diſhonor knew, and long had Right
And Juſtice violated kill'd his peace.
But vain were all his cares, his leſſons vain.
Lycus, ere yet the tender down appear'd
To ſhade his chin, beheld with look aſkance
The crown his Father wore, and wiſh'd to bind
His boyiſh temples with that golden Curſe.
He wiſh'd; and fair occaſion ever prompt

To aid the Villain's aim improv'd the rage
Of young Ambition. The fil'd troops, that gave
The Father paſſage to the throne, and ſtill,
While there was fear of change, with armed watch
Stood at his ſide, and mock'd the vain attempt,
Were now diſbanded; and his people's love
(Vain truſt of kings poſſeſs'd of lawleſs power!)
Was all his guard. Now rear'd Ambition's creſt,
Now civil Fury wav'd her torch of War,
And Vengeance waken'd on his iron bed.
Oft would the Youth to him, whom pious Care
Had near him plac'd, diſcourſe, with eager joy,
Of that bleſs'd time, when he ſhould ſhine a King,
And bear the honors, that his Father wore:
Then He, whom pious Care plac'd near the Youth,
(Such Vipers ever neſtle near a throne)
Would ſtill with bad intent inflame his thought,
Talk of the ſplendors, that enſhrine a King
And all the glories that adorn his State:
Would ſay, that Virtue, and the ſacred bond
Of oaths, the ties of Charity and Kin,
That bind the vulgar herd, were ne'er devis'd
To ſway the heart of Royalty, who reigns
Scorning the cares, that ſoften, while they bleſs,
Incapable of Wrong, o'er Vice ſupreme,
The pride, the beauty, and the ſtrength of Sin.

Thus

o

Oft would the youth to him, whom pious care
Had near him plac'd to watch the budding thought,
And train his years to honor, speak with ~~super~~ joy
Of that bless'd time, when he should shine, a king:

Then would the teacher, studious to betray,
(While expectation with' inchantment bright,
~~Such rapture ever reddle near a throne~~)
Glow'd in the youthful bosom) gild his speech
~~Gild o'er his speech~~, (~~which tinged youthful thought~~)
With all the glories of the royal state.
Now bolder grown, the varnish'd slave of sin
Would say, that virtue & the sacred bond
Of Oaths, the ties of charity & blood, &c^a

3 MR 62

† the public tongue
Of late so prodigal of praise, is now
Attun'd to other notes; ——— and slander's breath
Corrupting the sick air, ~~through~~ whereon ~~which~~ she rides,
Blasts with contagious bane his fairest deeds.

—

by broad rumour spread,
O Now the son's virtues, ~~blown on every wind~~,
Became the theme & glory of all speech,
Transcending, in a thankless people's heart,
The blessings of a reign, ~~that~~ which nurs'd their peace.

Thus on the willing mind he pour'd his bane;
Till every thought corrupted, Mercy flown,
And Nature dead, to reign in blood (e'en that
He moſt ſhould cheriſh) was ~~his~~ ~~firſt~~ deſire.
Now in ſtrict council they deviſe the means
To ſtrip the Father of his royal robe;
Ere the pale ſhroud, and Death's approaching reſt
Wrap his world-weary corſe. Through all the realm,
The publick tongue late taught to ſound his praiſe
Is tun'd to other notes; and Slander's breath,
With foul contagion taints his faireſt deeds.
His hollow title, and his damned guilt
(Forgotten long) again are bar'd to view;
Till that Reſentment, which, in Honor's breaſt,
Should ne'er have ſlept, awakes in Faction's cauſe,
And raves for vengeance on the rebel King.

THE Son's perfections were not then unknown:
But blown on every wind, abroad they flew;
Till his mild manners, and his manly ſenſe,
His ſteady Virtue, and his publick Love
Became the theme and glory of all ſpeech;
And ſpread by Rumour, in the general ear,
Prevailed in a thankleſs People's heart;
O'er deareſt merits prov'd, and ſhone above
The bleſſings of a reign, that nurs'd their peace.

WHO

Who now beholds the thronging crowd in arms,
Curſing the king of late their love, their joy,
And ſtraining their hoarſe throats in feveriſh praiſe
Of Him, the Youth, they knew not, ſees diſplay'd
A faithful pattern of the vulgar Mind.
In ſudden Inſurrection ſee them riſe:
Their clamors hear: E'en at the palace-gates
They knock; they rave, and loud for vengeance call,
Vengeance on him, who ſtarv'd an infant king,
And broke the famiſh'd grief-ſtruck mother's heart.
Wak'd at the ſound, forth from the drowſy bed
The Monarch ſtarts; and thoſe, who waited near,
Calls to his preſence: Theſe in horrour loſt
Run to and fro; nor know to give Him aid.
Where is the ready troop, whoſe nightly watch
Shielded his ſtate?—Half theſe, with rebel ſtrength,
Beſiege the entrance, they were call'd to guard:
The reſt with weak, but faithful effort, ſtrive
To ſtay their paſſage. Where are gone the Chiefs,
Who fill'd the ſeats of council? They no more
Obey their Maſter's bidding, and with-hold
Their aid at greateſt need. Deſerted thus
Alone and friendleſs, from the window's hight,
(His grey hairs waving in the ſtormy wind)
He ſeeks with fair words, to appeaſe the rage

O Wak'd at the sound, up from the ~~bed of rest~~ drowsy bed.
The Monarch starts; and to his presence calls
The ready train: These all ~~in horror lost~~ run perplex'd, in fear
Amaz'd, & mar the service they would speed.
~~Run to & fro; nor know to give him help~~.
Where, at this dreadful hour, are gone the chiefs,
Who fill'd the seats of council? they no more
Obey the royal bidding, & deny
Their aid at greatest need. O vows of faith,
Yielded from hearts at ease to prosperous power,
How, at the chill blast of adversity,
How will ye cease, & leave the cheated wretch
That heard you, bare, e'en as this king! who lost,
Deserted, friendless, from the window's light
(His gray hairs waving in the stormy wind)
Now seeks with fair words &c.

3 MR 62

o The headlong rabble rushing at his heels.

---

† The chiefs, in council met, the stormy Throngs
Call Hacon to ascend the vacant throne,
And take their bended homage. He accepts
The proffer'd gifts; & on th'abandon'd throne
Receives his people's vow. With human blood
Of sacrifice at steeming altars pour'd,
With feast, rude song, & frantic dance, & rites
Impure of love, they celebrate the day.
Yet it were well &c.ª

Of the vex'd multitude: Calls them his ſons;
Bids them make known their griefs, and truſt ſecure,
In a King's honor —Ere his ſpeech was clos'd,
He ſaw his ſon (the Moon rode high in heaven,
And pour'd on that wild band her paler ray)
Burſt through the palace-gates, all clad in arms,
The raving rabble trooping at his heels.
With grief and horror ſtruck the father fled
Under the veil of night, amaz'd, alone,
Beyond his city's bounds, he knew not where,
Till the dawn roſe, and morning bright appear'd.

The chiefs of council, in grave order met,
Requeſt the prince to aſcend the vacant throne,
And take their bended homage. He receives
The proffer'd gifts; and on the abandon'd throne
Accepts his ſubjects vow. In feaſt and dance,
And giddy mirth, they celebrate the day.

Yet it were well, if there thy father's wrongs
Had end, O king: But where was then thy heart,
When with an even brow, and ſteady tongue,
Thou ſpakeſt him baniſh'd, and to him aſſur'd
A golden fee, and rich return of love,
Who after ſetting of the third day's ſun,

Should find him wandering in the realm he ſwayed,
And lay before thine eyes, his aged head. thy sight

O cruel changes of the human ſtate!
He, whoſe dark frown impreſs'd on angry brow
Spread a ſad gloom on each oppoſed front;
Whoſe ſmiles more cheering, than the ſun at morn,
Beam'd life and joy; whoſe awful ſtern regard
Appall'd the guilty, and abaſh'd the eye
Of bluſhing merit, fears himſelf to meet
The caſual glances of the pooreſt ſlave:
And all the land, his kingdom late, that ſtretch'd,
O'er many a province wide, it's mighty bounds,
Scarce yields a ſhelter to his grief-worn trunk.
The mazy copſe, deep wood, and darkling cave
Are now his palaces: The cold, cold earth
His couch of ſtate: His choiceſt-ſavoured cates
Wild berries of the ſhrub: His richeſt drink
Water from neighbouring ſpring; and in the ſtead
Of liquid ſong, or notes of breathing flute, + golden harp at eve,
That won the balmy ſleep to bleſs his lids,
The whiſtling winds, or howl of wolves, or ſcreams
Of luckleſs raven fright his troubled reſt.

F WHERE are the friends, who hung upon his State,
Liv'd in his ſmiles, and trembled at his nod?

The

3 MR 62

3 MR 62

† Say, who art thou &c.ª

† In a dark vale the faithful Melno sate

And ask'd, beneath an antique oak the balm
Of sleep: it came; but it was mix'd with dreams
Of trouble & dismay. When dawn began
To promise light, he wak'd; he rose; & thought
Where he might best renew his doubtful search:
While thus he mus'd in that unquiet vale,
A voice of woe, & groans of deep despair &c.

~~phrase, & in below galling thought~~
~~Unwild, distracted phrase, & sullen thought~~
~~With wild not & incoherent phrase~~
~~Nursing the bosom'd inforrowed grief~~
~~Uttering forth passing grief; now with deep sighs~~
~~That spake his pain, wounding the gentle air~~
The prey of heart-lock'd sorrow; or, with sighs
Nursing embosom'd grief; now with deep sighs,
That spoke his pain, wounding the gentle air.

3 MR 62

~~Those piteous drops,~~

~~Fair sign of love, &c~~[a]

o He heard the tale, sir'd in mute grief; till tears
~~Flow'd out, from the swelling~~ ~~passion~~ &c a heart ~~passion~~ ~~spoke~~.
at last ~~At length burst forth~~, flow'd out, & bursting
~~Burst from the heart~~, ~~raising~~ passion spoke.

o 'Tis more than I can bear; yea, or believe:
Each virtue of the soul starts at the thought,
And Nature bids me doubt the truth that kills me.

The glittering friends, who, in his noon-tide beam,
Spread their light wings, and played about his head?
The friends of graver caſt, in council deep,
Sage Miniſters, who ſwayed the affairs of ſtate,
And to their own preferr'd their Sovereign's eaſe,
His good, his ſafety to their own preferr'd?
—All, all are gone. Another Sun is riſen;
In whoſe warm beam they play: Another King
Demands their counſel, and employs their cares.

But who art thou, whom years have bow'd to earth?
Thy trembling hands, that hold the friendly ſtaff,
Thy ſhaking knees, that ſcarce their burden bear,
Thy tearful eyes, that wet thy weary way,
Mark age and grief, in the extreme. Oh! ſpeak.
Why haſt thou left thine home? why bareſt thus
To beating ſtorms, and dangers of the night,
In this drear ſolitude, thy feeble limbs?
An ancient ſervant, 'mong ſo many young,
A ſlighted ſervant, 'mong ſo many lov'd,
A faithful ſervant, 'mong ſo many falſe,
Seeks his loſt maſter, over hill and dale,
In wood, on heath, by ſpring and river's brink,
To warn him of his doom, and guard his life.
Weary at laſt, and ſpent with fruitleſs toil,
In a forlorn and deſert vale, beneath

An

An aged oak, he aſks the gift of ſleep.
Short was his reſt: When dawn with mildeſt light
Shone on the earth, he wak'd, he roſe, and thought
Where beſt he might renew with ſtrength repair'd
His doubtful ſearch; when lo! a voice was heard
Of One in wo, and groans of deep deſpair
Struck on his boding heart. He approach'd the place,
Whence the ſounds iſſued; where behold his lord
Stretch'd at his length beneath a thicket's ſhade,
With tears, that rolled down his aged cheeks,
Watering the ground, and with ſighs, that ſpoke
His ſwelling grief, wounding the gentle air.

THE ſervant bow'd; and with intruſion ſweet
Charm'd anguiſh for a while, and broke the gloom
Of ſullen thought; pouring the vow of faith
Vouch'd by ſore travail, and the guſhing tears,
Sweet ſign of love, that dew'd his tender ſpeech.

SHORT pauſe of wo. He now in order tells,
What-e'er hath happen'd, ſince the king's eſcape,
Within his city's bounds; the council's ſuit;
The ſon's aſſent; the crown plac'd on his head;
His people's joy; and laſt, (at that dread time,
O firm-ſet Earth, where was thy yawning Mouth? *)

* Ahi dura Terra, perche non t'apriſti?
Dante, Dell' Inferno. CANTO 33.

The

The father's ſentence by that ſon pronounc'd.

HE heard the tale; and three long hours he lay
Fixed in mute grief; till tears, at laſt, a pace
Flow'd out, and paſſion found a vent in ſpeech.

" MY friends fallen off?—'Tis well: A courtier's love
" Was ever fickle. 'Tis the crown they ſerve,
" And not the man: The gold that they reſpect,
" And not the ſervice. Are my people traitors?
" I might expect it: They were falſe for me;
" And that rank faith, which hath been twice corrupt,
" Shall know another taint, and ſtink to heaven,
" If a new fool ſhall prize its rottenneſs.
" —The ſon, the robber of his father's crown?
'Tis more than I can bear; and when I think
" On ſuch an act, 'tis more than I believe.
"—The ſon the father's judge and baniſh him?
" Do ſuch men live? And doth the light of heaven
" Ariſe to cheer and beautify the World?
"—The ſon give gold and promiſe of his love
" To him whoſe knife ſhall draw the father's blood,
" Whoſe hands preſent him with his father's head?—
" My brain turns round: Mine eyes no longer ſee:
" My chill limbs ſhake: My horror-curdled blood
" Stops in its veins; and Nature in me faints.

"—When *he* did ſuffer but the ſlighteſt pain,
" I ever griev'd: and in his ſickly fits,
" How have I tended him!—Away, weak thoughts!
" Henceforth be hard my heart, nor ever know
" A father's ſorrow, or a father's joy:
" Be all affections dead, but hate for man.
"—Pardon the word: For thee, O friend, my heart
" Shall ever feel the touch of tenderneſs;
" For thee—But ſee the murderous troop, whom luſt
" Of damned gold hath hither ſent to take
" An old man's life—He, whom ye ſeek, I am."
He ended; and a troop, whom luſt of gold
Had thither ſent to take an old man's life,
Did the foul deed, and gain'd the guilty price.

Part 3d

O HORRORS, ye, that wound th' abuſed mind,
In airy viſion ſeen, enough ye have wak'd
Imagin'd ſorrow in a breaſt, where oft
Griefs have unbidden come; where often pain
Hath fix'd a living dagger in the heart:
And Senſibility, ſoft trembling maid,
Whom now I woo, to her, who rais'd the ſong,
Come in thy milder form, and on her ſhed
The pureſt bleſſings of thy gentle ſway.

— See Separate Papers N°2

MAY ſhe, who once has felt a mother's pain,
And known, thrice bleſſed balm, a mother's joy;

Who

Part 3d

Thus fell Eraphon, hateful king! for whom
Let no eye ~~shall~~ drop a tear; like Her in guilt &c.

*

~~Yet shall the Muse no drop of pity shed~~
~~detested king,~~
~~For thee, thing of hate; like Her in guilt~~
Who wields the sceptre of her murder'd lord,
High on the ~~Throne of the~~ Killing throne of prison-slaughter'd youth;
Th' usurping Mother, who yet spares a son
That he may view the crown, which binds
~~To view the crown, which rocks him on~~ her brow,
Glowing With splendors that from him should shine; ~~Shall their Lustre~~;
The crimson monster of imperial sway,
Who wears that guilty glory with the voice
The sweet applause of an admiring world,
(O world insensible of damned sin!)
Foul though it be, & curs'd with blood of men
Crying from earth to heaven, whom rav'nous war,
And woman's worse ambition doom'd to die.
From such abominations, Virtue, turn,
Lest thou put off thy nature, & call down
A curse on man — Hence, breathing horrors, hence!
Ye too away! that wound th' abused mind
In airy vision seen, &c.

4 To thy Maria, with the graces coming,
Pleasure around thee dancing, & Delight
On peace reclin'd, shedding serener bliss.
May she &c.

May I not yet prefer a prayer to heaven,
And call a blessing on two kindred hearts,
(Thine, Anna, & Maria, Thine) whom chaine
Of equal amity & ~~love~~. ~~sincere~~ cordial love
Combin'd in tenderest years? ~~Circle of good~~
~~With gracious eye behold~~ — But why ~~words~~ should prayer
~~Exalt his voice~~
~~The voice of prayer~~ for you, whose virtues rise
With sweeter intercession, & incline
The Sire Supreme to Strengthen, while ye live,
The bonds of Love, that link your meeting Souls? —
Maria, asketh not another gift
~~On her days another grace~~
Of favouring ~~Deity~~ heaven; ~~less anxious for~~ secure
~~Less earthly~~, ~~it~~ Of what to her, besides, of native good
It's grace hath given: since time, &c.

3 MR 62

Who yet with eyes of tenderneſs ſurveys
Her growing hope, from that clear fountain ſtill
Drink comfort. In the gliding lapſe of years,
When the fair-opening plant ſhall riſe to ſtrength,
And ſhew its bluſhing beauties to the ſun,
May ſhe with pride its cluſtering honors view,
Beneath its ſpreading ſhade meet heart's content,
And, in the winter of declining age,
There find a refuge from the ſtorms of life.

THOUGH borne on rapid wing the hours be fled,
When firſt ſhe heard a tender lover's vows,
Though time, our pleaſure's foe, have long forbid
The golden tranſports of new-wedded love,
Friendſhip, ſhine forth, a never-fading light,
And beam a milder comfort on her ſoul.
The liberal hand, that opens at her wiſh,
The cheerful heart, that gladdens at her joy,
The attentive eye, that aſks her ſecret will,
The wakeful cares, that watch her tender frame,
And ſhew the pure regards that love inſpir'd,
Still, ſtill be her's. O! ever may ſhe know
Thoſe choiceſt, ſweeteſt pledges of life's joy.

SHE aſks no more: And Time, that changeth ſtill
The World's great ſurface, and the outward form

Of

Of all, who it inhabit; Time himſelf,
That late ſhall pluck the roſes of her cheek,
And ſpoil her beauty's bloom, and grace of youth,
Shall ſtill revere the temple of her Mind.
~~And grow enamour'd of that holy fane.~~

STUDY is there: Not ſhe with viſage wan,
Who burns the midnight lamp, and doſing nods
Over the dull, unprofitable page;
But ſhe, who bright and lively as the morn,
Wakes with the lark, and pours the ſprightly thought,
Whether the flow of meaſur'd proſe invite,
Or melting melody of liquid ſong;
While Wiſdom mild on Fancy waits to ſtop
Her headlong ſpeed, + or check her ſtarry flights.

+ and

There is Benevolence. Her open palm
Relieves the ſtranger's need. Her honeſt front
Meets malice with a ſmile. Her tender heart
Pities an inſect's pain. All, all her ſoul
Is charity. Friendſhip behind her goes,
Friendſhip, her eldeſt-born, with lighted torch
Dipp'd in the lamp of Love: But Love's brief flame,
With fading ſplendor, on *one* object burns;
While Friendſhip beaming her warm bleſſings round
Shines, like the liberal ſun, nor knows decay.

3 MR 62

3 MR 62

3 MR 62

[o] Religion too is there; in human chains
Not bound, nor wrapt in mystery: &c[a]

[†] Simple as truth, as wisdom's voice sincere,

[Δ] With eyes addrefs'd to heaven

o RELIGION's *there*; not bound in human chains,
Nor wrapt in veil of myſtery: Not cramped
In number'd faith, nor vex'd with terrors vain
Of ſuperſtition and of folly bred,
—The bile of cloiſtered monks, and zealot's froth;
But free and general, as the air ſhe breathes,
Simple as truth, ſweet as an infant's ſleep,
As mercy gentle, and as virtue bold.
Still as ſhe goes, ſhe bends an eye of love,
On one, who leads her in a peaceful path,
And cheers her on the way with words of joy,
Conſcience. In ſnowy veſt he marches on
With ſteady pace; and in his right hand bears
A mirror, that reflects to every eye
His inmoſt thoughts bright without ſmalleſt ſtain.
A thouſand glories play about his crown:
Where'er he treads earth's ſweeteſt flowers ariſe,
And honor bows before him. When the ſtorm
Is up; when thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
And tempeſts ruſh in fury o'er his head,
△ With eyes uplift to heaven he ſmiles ſerene,
On the vain terrors of a jarring world.

THOU, Senſibility, art alſo *there*;
The prieſteſs of the ſhrine, infuſing deep,

Through all the mental powers thy ſoft control.
Study through thee by lively taſte refin'd
The quick perception knows, and glowing thought;
Through thee warm Fancy dares a bolder flight,
And graver Wiſdom, by thy quick'ning aid,
Smiles with ſuperior grace. Benevolence
Borrows her kindlieſt glow of thee. From thee
Friendſhip her ſweetneſs takes; and Love, thy child,
Without thee dies. Is it not thine the power,
That lifts Religion to the heaven of heavens,
And bears her dauntleſs, mid the angelic throngs,
E'en to the throne of Truth?—O thou, who loveſt
The gentle ſpirit, where pure conſcience dwells,
To her clear mind, which feels thy livelieſt touch,
Be ſtill propitious. In the fleeting hour
Of fair Proſperity, with keeneſt joys
Viſit her charmed ſenſe. If Fortune frown,
Perverſe, or aught of evil cloud her day,
Reſpect her peace; and turn the mental eye,
On thoſe perennial ſtores of genuine bliſs,
That cheriſh virtue in a hoſtile world,
And in the ſpotleſs boſom ſelf-approv'd
Ariſe, the bleſſings of conſenting heaven.

FINIS.

3 MR 62

O Thy swift control through all the mental powers.

pure delight,

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